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WORDS OF COURSE.

THE appellation "words of course" is given to a great variety of phrases which civility or custom demands, but in which there is not necessarily any sincerity. Much of what passes at casual rencontres, in social meetings, and in correspondence, is composed of mere words of course. In the familiar expression, "How do you do?" how rarely is any sincere interest felt in the health of the individual addressed! In the prattle at a party, how little is said thinkingly, or with any definite sense of its meaning! The "dear sirs," the "most obedient servants," the "yours trulys," at the tops and bottoms of letters, how seldom do they express any genuine feeling! Every body knows that every body knows the hollowness of these phrases; yet every body uses them with as much gravity as if they were meant to convey serious sentiment, and as if every body were expected to take them according to their apparent meaning. Surely custom only could reconcile us to a procedure so marked by absurdity.

It may be said on the other hand, that, if such phrases are themselves absurd, the use of them at least implies that respectful deference of man to man which helps so much to sweeten society. Like flattery, which, if not believed in, may at least convey the satisfactory impression that one is important enough to be worthy of an attempt to flatter, such phrases will be acceptable, as proving to the addressed party that he is held entitled to some degree of homage. The present writer will not, of course, altogether condemn expressions of such utility; but yet he is inclined to fear that the constant use of these and similar phrases tends to blunt natural sincerity, and to reconcile the mind to many obligations on more important matters. The Society of Friends is perhaps not far wrong in the seeming puritanism of altogether rejecting them.

It is really a somewhat startling thing to reflect on the universal prevalence of deceptive phraseology or words of course. There is not a class in society, nor a relation in which man can be placed towards man, or community towards community, that does not call into play such language. The beggar on the wayside prays for every blessing on the passenger in the expectation of an alms, or in gratitude for it, without the slightest notion of the meaning of the words he is using. The petitioner concludes his document with an asseveration that, if gratified in his desire, he will "ever pray," &c., without designing to do any such thing even once. The most trivial good office cannot be performed by one man to another without giving occasion to flummery on both sides, one being all gratitude and admiration, while he in reality is only distressed, perhaps, by the humiliation of having to accept a favour, and the other all disclamation of any merit in the benefaction, while he probably grudges the thing very much, and thinks he is making a great sacrifice. Lord Byron finely let out the secret feeling of a benefactor on a large scale a few years ago, when he sent four thousand pounds to the Greeks, and privately informed a friend that he did not think he could have well got off for less. Of the shopkeeper it might be said by one not disposed to make allowances, that his whole life is spent in expressing homage and thanks to persons to whom he feels neither. His bills are full of sincere gratitude, of which he feels not one particle. He even knows that the use of such a phrase as "returns his most grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public," will not impose upon any body, or do him the least good, and yet he uses it. He cannot get over the jargon of his profession. "There is a form in these things, madam, there is a form," as Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs remarked to the lady of the vicar of Wakefield. Literary men, who

should know better, are equally full of cant. They print their performances at the request of friends, or because spurious copies have already got abroad. They plead youth, inexperience, and a thousand other things, for the imperfections of their writings, when it is evident, that, if they thought them imperfect, they would have withheld them from publication, and that to publish works believed by themselves to be imperfect, is only adding impertinence to their other sins. They address the public as candid, and profess to bow to criticism, when, if ill received, it is certain they will attribute the result to anything but their own demerits. In all prospectuses of new periodical works, we find excuses for adding another to those already existing: one of the existing works is too dear, another is published at too long or too brief intervals, or they are not exactly in matter and arrangement what the new one is to be; when, in reality, the plain truth is, that some certain bookseller sees, or thinks he sees, an opportunity of making a little money, while certain writers either are anxious to appear in print, or are inspired with desires similar to those of their honest friend the publisher. But the most profound deception of the literary fraternity is the critical "we," by which they give to the opinions of some perhaps unimportant individual the solemnity of a great council. If the public, in certain by no means rare instances, only knew who "we" was, how great would be its astonishment! Why should any illusion whatever be employed by authors? In the mere act of publishing a poor or a bad book, one can do no harm to any one but one's self: why, then, apologise to the public? It is a venture which every man is entitled to make, if he does it with the fair purpose of trying his abilities, and does not forget to pay his printer's bill. And why should false motives be held up for the starting of a new periodical, when the real one of a desire to participate in the advantages enjoyed by those who already publish such works successfully, is quite honourable. But why, above all, should a mystic grandeur be assumed by an author, when the world is prepared to take good thoughts from any man, however humble, and talent is universally allowed to belong to no condition? Thought should be above all considerations of personal dignity, and the poorest fellow that ever wore a coat out at the elbows, should, in an honest communion with his fellow creatures, feel himself on a level with the greatest of the world's great—with all men whatsoever.

In persons connected with the management of public affairs, cant is extremely conspicuous. As for ambassadors, they may be dispatched, we suppose, with Sir Henry Wotton's definition—gentlemen sent to lie abroad for the benefit of their country. In the styles and forms of address used by sovereigns, we have it in its broadest and rankest form. One is his Most Christian Majesty, another his Most Catholic Majesty, another Defender of the Faith, and so forth; words in which there is not the least meaning. A monarch, compelled much against his will to issue a commission of inquiry, addresses all the members of it as his *well-beloved*, when in his heart he detests them. When the patriot Patkul was sacrificed to the vengeance of Charles XII. of Sweden, the following sentence was read over him:—"It is hereby made known to be the express order of his majesty, our *most merciful* sovereign, that this man, who is a traitor to his country, be broken on the wheel and quartered," &c. "What mercy!" exclaimed the poor criminal. It was much the same grimace, with which the humane court of the Inquisition was accustomed, in condemning a culprit to torture, to express the tenderest concern for his temporal and eternal welfare. Nor was it a greatly

different deceptive phraseology with which religious persecutors nearer home used to wash their hands of the blood of their victims, and describe them as suffering under the civil power, or for violations of temporal law. When George I., in conformity with an act of parliament, gained a crown to which he had no hereditary title, in his first speech to the body which had constituted him king, he spoke of ascending "the throne of his ancestors." The tremendous distance at which human homage places sovereigns above the common level of the world, suggests the employment of a language of humility: the haughtiest of all the Popes assumed the title of "the servant of the servants of God," at the time when he expected that kings and emperors should kiss his toe and hold his stirrup. In like manner, when any despotic sovereign is about to perpetrate some wholesale wickedness, which it is just possible his subjects may not quite approve of, he is sure to bring into play some of the commodity which is the subject of this discourse. Catherine of Russia was distinguished for the piety and benevolence which ruled her manifestoes of all kinds, but particularly her declarations of war; and there is perhaps no country in which, both in her time and since, greater wickedness has been performed with so fair a show of justice. Even Napoleon could represent himself as disposed to cultivate peace and the liberty of his subjects, and as only compelled to fight in consequence of having quarrelsome neighbours. The greatest of all human atrocities, unquestionably, is war; but what other thing gives rise to so much preaching? Each party professes itself assured of being under the peculiar protection of heaven. Sometimes, however, the piety under which war is conducted receives very curious practical commentaries. Henrietta Maria, the consort of Charles I., was engaged in performing a solemn Te Deum at Paris, for the victory of Kilsyth, by which the Marquis of Montrose seemed to have regained Scotland for the king, on the very day when the royalist general was overthrown, and all the results of his former successes lost, on the field of Philiphaugh. The thanks for the victory would probably take place fully three hours after the defeat, as the battle of Philiphaugh was fought at dawn of a September morning, while the Te Deum could scarcely begin till ten in the forenoon. Montrose was then flying over Minchmoor with two or three men, the sole remains of his army.

It seems strange, that, when men are addressed collectively, deception is employed in its strongest forms. There appears to be something in the intimacy of a simple conversation, that searches the heart, and enforces a certain degree of sincerity. But when a multitude is in the case, flummery is sure to make its appearance. Many a man, accordingly, speaks in a public place, or issues in a publication, what he could not have the face to state to an individual. Thus, much of what is called eloquence, in speech and writing, would appear mere nonsense and cant, if its author were compelled to speak or read it all over coolly to a friend. Party gives occasion to much illusive jargon. Individuals are taught by it to assume the sentiments of a system instead of their own, to pretend an indignation at this, a zeal for that, and a horror at another thing, about which they are in reality quite indifferent. At elections, what efforts are made, by such professions, to get the better of the simple common sense of mankind! Human rationality at no time appears so low. It would seem as if almost any nonsense were then good enough to cram down the throats of the people, as if it were presumed that the popular voice was only to be conciliated by flattery and deception. In point of fact, the people are more cool, considerate, and independent in

their judgments, than the stuff addressed to them would give to be supposed. But yet it is indubitable that they are to a great extent liable to the delusions of the selfish, and that their honestest and best sentiments are often perverted to the worst purposes. There are also many who, without thought or feeling of any kind, take up one or other of the cries of the day, and make professions of fear for one thing and resolutions to support another, in mere conformity with expressions which they are accustomed to hear used by others. In these are found the best aids to bad causes and all kinds of absurdities. The slave-system of America must, if we are not greatly mistaken, find much of its most efficient support in the parrot cries of the well-meaning and unreflecting, among whom the words "property is in danger" will be as good as a reason, and who, though they cannot think, can fear.

Many other kinds of words of course could be pointed out, but it is needless. Almost every thing we do and say from the first to the last, is in conformity with some formula of act or speech, which may or may not be right, but which scarcely any individual has the power to break through, however inconsistent he may believe it to be with the principles of truth and right. And so accustomed are we to yield a ready obedience to these forms, that the most monstrous passes unchallenged like the best. We are as ready to put on a hump back like the courtiers of King Richard, as to dress ourselves to feats of gayest chivalry like the knights of Queen Bess. Alas, besides all the open palpable slavery that is in the world, how much is there of the unseen; besides being the slaves of others, how much are we slaves to ourselves; and how little of genuine freedom, and candour, and truth, is yet to be found amongst men!

WHAT IS DOING IN POPULAR INSTRUCTION.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE present age, as we have occasionally remarked, is very different in its character from that which preceded it. Thirty years ago, nobody thought of spreading education more generally, or of elevating the tastes of the lower orders of the people. It is only in our own times that it has been discovered that there are whole parishes in England entirely destitute of schools—that there are hundreds of thousands of individuals in Great Britain who can neither read nor write. This is really too bad. What was the last age about, that it did not look into these matters? Why has every thing in the way of moral and intellectual improvement been left to be done by the present generation? One would almost think that up till the eighteen hundred and twenties and thirties, the world was in a sort of dream. It went dosing on, to all appearance, in a kind of mental stupor, just taking things as it found them, and making no effort to remedy any mischief, however gross. Casting our recollection back to the dark ages of 1800, or thereabouts, we cannot bring to remembrance a single thing which was doing for the improvement of the minds of the people.† The chief consideration among a large portion of society was, who could drink most punch. Few tradesmen then thought of spending their evenings out of the public-house. Convivial clubs were the order of the day, or rather of the night. Excepting old stray volumes of books to be picked up here and there at stalls, there was no literature within the reach of the artisan. Schooling consisted chiefly of instruction in reading and writing, which was administered with a plentiful share of beating. And as for culture out of doors, it was scarcely known.

Society, having at length come out of its long dull sleep, has set about making inquiries how the great slough of ignorance which prevails may be removed. The most remarkable feature in the change is, that the efforts at improvement have proceeded almost exclusively from the people themselves. A few moments would suffice to reckon up the individuals belonging to the higher or educated classes, who have given themselves the trouble to superintend or counsel the exertions of the unlearned. Corporations of all kinds have equally held back. Mr John Anderson, professor of natural philosophy in the university of Glasgow, who died in the year 1796, appears to have been the first individual in Britain who conceived the

* In this essay some thoughts and references have been derived from one by Dr J. Aikin, published amongst the miscellaneous pieces in connection with Miss Lucy Aikin's memoir of her distinguished parent.

† Let justice be done. Joseph Lancaster exerted himself, in 1803, to spread his system of elementary education; but he was not assisted in his labours. If he had, there would have been now few who could not both read and write. We say this, not of our own knowledge, but on the strength of evidence laid before parliament. About the same period, or earlier, Bell made known his *Madras System* of schooling, which, like Lancaster's, has made little progress.

idea that greater knowledge was likely to improve the people; and he accordingly left his fortune for the foundation of an institution, in which the ordinary branches of academical instruction were to be taught to all orders of the community. A course of natural philosophy and chemistry, delivered in 1797, by Dr Thomas Garnett, in terms of Mr Anderson's will, in the city of Glasgow, was, we believe, the first example of popular lectures on science in Great Britain. The success of the experiment was to a certain extent proved by the crowds who attended; but it was not till the war and its besetting influences were laid at rest, that the scheme was extended beyond the walls of the western metropolis. About the year 1820, Mr Henry (since Lord) Brougham became conspicuous as a zealous advocate for the establishment of institutions throughout the country, in which mechanics, and the industrious orders of the community in general, should be instructed in science. His exertions were crowned with much success, and the effort was ably followed up by the plan for the more general dissemination of useful knowledge by means of publications. Not only, however, did these schemes proceed from a few individuals, but they were met by the great bulk of the pseudo-enlightened community with either avowed hostility, or the more deadly opposition of sneers, insinuations, and contumely. The attempt to enlighten the great bulk of the people was held as pure a chimera, as the Synod of Lima, in 1630, thought it was to offer instruction to the Indians, whom it pronounced not to be human beings. Sir R. Wilmot Horton, it will be recollected, was deemed a visionary when he gave lectures to the working classes of London on the subject of emigration; and it is not yet two years since many persons of the old school in our own city, held up their hands to hear that a gentleman could so far degrade himself as to meet a mob of a thousand or two working men, and lecture to them on moral philosophy which they could not understand, and education which they were much better without; nay, could be so absurd as to persevere a whole winter in so wild an enterprise.*

In spite of sneers and ominous shakings of the head, the work of social improvement proceeds. As yet, the efforts to advance the good cause have been neither very systematic nor effectual. They are conducted according to circumstances, and have no unity of purpose in view. The general intention, however, is good, and that is of mighty importance. What is this general intention? It is to cultivate habits of sobriety or temperance; to associate for the purpose of mutual assurance on lives, and to yield assistance to each other in cases of distress or old age; to give and receive instruction in the physical sciences, in order to improve the knowledge of artisans in the principles of their respective professions; to refine the taste for music and elegant works of art; to receive information on physiology, and the means of preserving health; to be instructed in the principles of trade and commercial policy; and, generally speaking, to learn something of the nature of the human mind and human passions, in order to purify and elevate the sentiments, and modify that unhappy spirit of selfishness which leads to so much strife and misery among men. All this and much more is now in the course of being done. In England, Scotland, the northern part of Ireland, the Isle of Man and Guernsey, the British American colonies (Nova Scotia in particular), and the New England states, the same scene of mental activity is displayed—the same desire for moral and intellectual improvement is manifested. Our accounts of the places in which institutions of a socially improving tendency are established, are far from being complete; for, as yet, there have been no methodic statistical returns on the subject. What information we have collected, is as follows:—

Institutions, such as we advert to, have been established chiefly in the large English and Scotch towns. They are to be found in London, Birmingham, Leeds, Derby, Hull, Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Leith, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, Paisley, Greenock, and Dumfries. In Scotland, indeed, they are in every town of as many as one or two thousand inhabitants; and in some parts of the country, the rural or village population is associated with similar objects in view. Some of the small Scotch towns took an early lead in the business, having partly been incited by the example set by the mechanics of Glasgow, who were the foremost in the field of popular instruction. A Mechanics' Institution, or School of Arts, was begun at Edinburgh in 1821, a date about four or five years earlier than the establishment of such institutions in Liverpool, Manchester, and other cities in the south. The thirst for popular education spread from England to America, and institutions were established in Boston very soon after they gained a footing in Britain. A correspondent of a London magazine gives the following account of their rise in New England. He writes in 1836:—

* The individual here alluded to is Mr Simpson of the Scottish bar. He began public lectures to the working classes in Edinburgh, on Moral, Economical, and Educational Philosophy, early in the winter of 1835-6, and, in the ensuing spring and autumn, and the last spring, reproduced them before audiences of all classes in ten of the larger English towns, to which he was invited, and in which he was treated with the cordiality due to his excellent and most benevolent character.

"Ten years ago, Boston was without a single society for improvement by lectures on literature or science, but soon after that time a Mechanics' Institution was established, which was eminently successful for several years; and in about five years from the first movement in this business, there were several large societies formed, and a number of smaller ones of various grades. Among the larger institutions may be named—the Boston Mechanics' Institution, Massachusetts's Charitable Mechanic Association, Boston Lyceum, Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, Society of Natural History, Boston Phrenological Society, Historical Society, and the Franklin Lectures; and among the smaller societies are—the Boston Mechanics' Lyceum, Mercantile Library Association, Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, and the Hanover Lyceum, recently formed in the north part of the city. Lectures have been delivered to all the above, and several other societies; and many of them have debates and other exercises. The Boston Lyceum has classes on various subjects. The Mechanics' Institution has some valuable apparatus; and libraries and reading-rooms are attached to several of the societies. The Phrenological Society has many casts, &c.; and the Natural History Society has a good collection of specimens, especially of the animal kingdom. Most of the large societies are for popular lectures, but the smaller are generally on the mutual instruction principle. Females very generally attend the exercises, and in some cases take part by writing essays, which are read at the meetings. In many societies no charge is made for females—others admit them, as well as minors, at half-price. What I have said with regard to Boston will apply, in some degree, to all the large towns, and the more populous villages in New England, and to some other parts of the Union, diminishing as you travel west, and still more to the south. There are many valuable institutions in different parts that I might dwell upon, but I promised to be brief, and, as justice cannot be done to all, I would stop here; but there is one institution so pre-eminently above all others, that it will not be thought invidious to mention it: I allude to the Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. This institution was the first in the field, and has shown itself worthy of the name of a Mechanics' Institution; for it combines within itself, and very happily too, what is not done so well elsewhere by several distinct societies; here they educate both the head and the hand, and may I not say, the heart also. They teach the sciences, and show their application to practical purposes, by suitable machines. Then they have schools for mathematics, drawing, &c.; a library and reading-rooms; a committee to examine inventions; and frequently committees on important subjects connected with the arts, whose labours have already been of great service; a monthly meeting for conversation; an annual fair for productions in the mechanic arts, &c.; and last, though not least, a monthly journal is published by them, under the superintendence of a committee, which is the best work in America for original and useful matter in relation to the arts and manufactures."

In London and its environs, there are many institutions for popular instruction. The London Mechanics' Institution lately possessed 1063 members, and is in a flourishing condition. The lectures delivered are upon Science, Literature, and Music. The lecturers have been Dr Birkbeck, Mr Purday, Mr Sheridan Knowles (Elocution and the Drama), Mr Hemming, Mr Haydon, and others. In a notice of the establishment last winter, it is stated, that—in consequence of a requisition of many members, the theatre is to be thrown open on Monday evenings, and the museum on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, to afford the members an opportunity of conversing together. A new class, for the practice of architectural drawing, has just been formed; and we are happy to perceive that the literary composition class has commenced what we have no doubt will prove very beneficial, namely, a manuscript magazine. This means of improving persons in literary composition has already been adopted by many Mutual Instruction Societies. The members write their opinions on various subjects on sheets of letter-paper, which are given in to some person appointed to bind them together at certain intervals, and the magazine is then circulated amongst the contributors and other members.

In the eastern suburbs of London is established the Poplar Institution, of which Dr Birkbeck is president, and Dr Southwood Smith, vice-president. This young institution is upon an extensive and well-supported scale. The lecturers are numerous and respectable, and, as far as we have heard, the association promises to take a lead in the business of general instruction. In Finsbury Square, an institution is established called the Finsbury Discussion Society, which was begun in 1834 for the purpose of mutual improvement; and in Spicer Street, Spitalfields, where one could not expect to find any tendency to advance, there was set on foot, in 1835, a Mutual Instruction Society. Its members meet every Monday evening in a room attached to the Spicer Street Chapel, when some one delivers an essay; upon which a general discussion ensues. In such a neighborhood as Spitalfields, it might be expected that most of the members would be of the lower ranks of society: such is the case; and it is a circumstance alike honourable to them and to human nature, since it furnishes another illustration of the fact, that intelligence and purity form

the only true distinction between man and man; and that these qualities may be, and are, the striking characteristics of individuals whom the world is apt to slight on account of their not possessing the distinctions of wealth and station. The Working Man's Association was lately formed in Holborn (the northern part of the metropolis), having for its objects the melioration of the mental and social condition of the working classes; to collect information regarding the rate of wages, and general habits and condition of this class of society; to establish a library for circulation and reference; to hold meetings every Thursday evening for discussion, and public meetings when considered necessary for promoting the objects of the Association; and to adopt every means in its power to procure knowledge.

In Westminster, Southwark, Lambeth, Kentish Town, and other quarters, there are divers Mutual Instruction Societies and Temperance Societies. The Temperance Mechanics' Institution, Clerkenwell, is going on successfully. From the list of lecturers it would seem that the directors are aware that the strongest preventive they can employ against drunkenness is the improvement of the intellect and the development of the moral feelings. Among other lectures delivered last winter, there were two on the pleasures of study and the poetry of Mrs Hannah More. The Southwark Literary Society, in addition to the usual attractions offered by similar institutions, has a series of conversaciones, which it is said are well got up and conducted with exceeding good taste. Dr Lardner now is, or was lately, president of this thriving society. A much and long talked of institution has lately been set on foot in London, a School of Design, for improving the taste of artisans. It is established in Somerset House, and has been assisted by a grant from government; but we are sorry to say it is not likely to succeed, in consequence of the high charge for study, and the unsuitable period of the day appointed for attendance. Perhaps, since the date of our information, both these evils are remedied.

Proceeding to the large provincial towns, we take up first, the Mechanics' Institution of Liverpool. It was established in 1825, but has advanced chiefly since 1830, and is now in a flourishing condition, possessing upwards of 1200 members—annual revenue £750. It meets two evenings in the week to hear lectures on scientific and literary subjects. It is remarked of this body, that there has not been an instance of a member having been ever charged with any criminal offence; and only two instances have occurred of members belonging to trades' unions. The labour and expense incurred by individuals in establishing the Liverpool Institution has been very great, and few of those on whom the cost and trouble have fallen, would have incurred such a responsibility, could they have foreseen all the difficulties to be encountered. They have in some degree been rewarded by the great benefit they have conferred upon the working classes, and the stimulus the system has given to education in general, even affecting the highest classes in society, and they look forward to important results that must follow what has been already done.

A Mechanics' Institution was established in Birmingham in 1825, and numbers about 300 members. This is a very small number for so large a town; and it is mentioned by our authority that the institution is not supported by the actual operatives generally. The influence of the institution is nevertheless said to be spreading downwards. Bath, considering its size and the character of its population, has been much more successful. The Bath Mechanics' Institution began in 1825, at the suggestion of one or two operatives. Unaided by the benevolence of the rich, and its cause advocated only by one press of the city, the institution has, however, made solid progress: every successive quarter showing an increase of books, scientific apparatus, natural curiosities, collections of antiquities, and specimens of natural history. The institution now consists of nearly 300 members. Its income is derived from the entrance-money paid by new members (half-a-crown each), and from the quarterly payments of half-a-crown by each of the adult members, and one shilling and sixpence by those more youthful. The receipts are quite adequate to cover the expenditure, and its stock continues to increase. The books now amount to upwards of 1500 volumes, of the most useful and interesting character, and well used they are, the loan amounting to upwards of 100 weekly. To the literary, scientific, and curious, the institution is rapidly becoming a place of great interest; and if steadily continued, by the support of those whose best interests it serves, it will ultimately become an ornament to the city—even the elegant and refined city of Bath. Lectures are given weekly throughout the winter season; several classes pursue their various studies throughout the year; reading and discussion societies are also encouraged; and the reading-room is every evening supplied with newspapers and magazines; and it is numerously attended.

At Leeds, a Mechanics' Institution was established in 1824. It has been upon the whole successful, and now possesses a library of 2000 volumes. Lately it is understood to have declined, in consequence of the establishment of a Literary Institution, in which, in 1836, 800 persons had enrolled themselves as members. But, however the Mechanics' Institution may have suffered, the cheering prospect is held out, that the desire for knowledge is on the increase. The benefit of the practical education derived from the

establishment for mechanics, has been general and diffusive. A person who has furnished a report on the nature of the association, gives the following particular cases of individual advantage. "Two brothers, the elder of whom stated, in his introduction to a course of lectures on pneumatic chemistry, delivered before the institution, that at nine years of age, without parents, and scarcely able to read, he had to commence getting his own living. He was for many years a gentleman's servant. He now keeps a chemist and druggist's shop, and besides is a manufacturing chemist. His brother is the manager of the Bradford gas-works; the first chemical knowledge of both was acquired in this institution. A weaver who got a situation as time-keeper at Fenton Murray and Co.'s, by availing himself of the benefits to be derived from this institution, qualified himself to superintend its mathematical and drawing classes, which he resigned on being taken in as a partner in the above firm. A stuff-presser, who had gained his knowledge under the fostering care of the institution, succeeded him as teacher of the drawing class, and he superintended the chemical class: he is now partner and manager of a firm for the dyeing, pressing, and finishing of stuff goods."

At Hull there is an institution with 100 members, which has been successful in its objects. It has erected a building at a cost of £2000, the greater part of which is paid, and possesses a library of 1700 volumes, and a small museum of curiosities. At Lincoln, a Mechanics' Library was established in 1822, which has been highly useful, and promises to continue so. In connection with it, lectures have often been given, and there have been classes for algebra, arithmetic, architecture, botany, geography, Latin, French, elocution, and writing. The reading-room and books, says our informant, keep many from the pot-house; and never has there been an instance of a member attending the Institution intoxicated. The Lincoln rules contain many improvements. Wives and children have sources of amusement in common with the members themselves; there is a female librarian, and this circumstance alone has improved the tone of the system, by giving a security and confidence to the female part of the subscribers, and inducing them to attend the lectures. The society does not meddle in any way with politics or religion; but, indeed, there is hardly one institution which ever makes these subjects matter of discussion—the whole confining themselves to the legitimate object of moral and intellectual advancement.

The Glasgow and Edinburgh institutions, which, as we have stated, were the foremost in the field of popular instruction, still keep ahead as regards the number of their members and the influence they exert in the places where they are located. Their success, along with the general spread of a taste for literature, has led to the establishment of other institutions of a kindred quality for different classes of the community: the whole are now of so important a character, that we postpone a regular notice of them till another opportunity.

Viewing the labours of the Mechanics' Institutions and Mutual Instruction Societies in all parts of Britain collectively, every candid person must feel assured, that, although much has already been done in the way of popular instruction, infinitely more remains to be accomplished. It is the main object of the present sketch to bring the institutions alluded to still more prominently under the notice of the classes for whom they are intended, as well as to incite the managers of these institutions to still greater exertions.* We still are shocked with accounts of agrarian outrage, popular commotion and disorder, and the combining of bodies of men to force the rate of wages to a height unwarranted by the state of the labour market. These things would not be, if the working classes were instructed, and really knew their own interests. It is of the greatest importance, therefore, that institutions calculated to open and instruct the minds of the people, should be every where established, and, if possible, on something like an uniform principle, with a definite object in view. Let it be understood, nevertheless, that all such institutions, even carried to their utmost limits, must necessarily be partial in their operation and efficacy. The education of the people must be commenced long before the age of adolescence, at which Mechanics' Institutions take them up: it must be commenced in infancy, and sustained systematically till the pupils have reached maturity. Amongst all the objects for which the people agitate, it is lamentable that they omit to agitate for national education. This is an object which in reality includes all others, for whatever may be necessary for the good of the commonwealth, can never be long wanting when the commonwealth is enlightened. It is at the same time an object indispensable to the attainment of the other objects to which we are alluding, for whatever meliorations take place in an unenlightened community, only lead to a retrogression or going back of the political machine. This, accordingly, though it may seem the least direct and expeditious way of achieving meliorations in our state economy, is truly the most ready. It is, besides, one which no party in the state can fairly challenge, seeing that whatever is conceded to an unenlightened people can never prove a source of danger to any. It depends entirely upon the people

* In the London Monthly Magazine, published at a low price, will be found regular accounts of these institutions; and it is from this authority that some of the above notices have been collected.

themselves whether a national system of education shall be established soon or late; and if they continue to neglect it, they will only have themselves to blame if the epoch of true political improvement be indefinitely postponed.

THE LOST ONE RESTORED.

After the storms and perils of the main,
How sweet to reach our native land again!

I was taking a leisurely walk one fine forenoon, along the sands at Fairley, enjoying the freshness of the sea air, and listening to the low melody of the gentle billows, as they came slowly beachward; when, suddenly, a loud shout of surprise and joyfulness sounded in mine ears, and presently, crowds of people were seen running in all directions towards the quay, which projects its crescent form, like a small black snail, into the sea. All were on the alert—the aged man who had come out, like myself, to enjoy a quiet forenoon stroll upon the beach—the old woman, and the young and timid girl, who had brought their work with them to the sea-side, and were knitting in the sun—the merry urchins wading in the sea, and the elder boys idling indolently in the old weather-beaten boat, half gone to wreck, and half sunken in the sand—every one was up and away towards the pier. At first I was inclined to think that some accident had occurred; but the shouts could not be mistaken—they were manifestations of joy rather than of grief. My curiosity was powerfully excited. I hastened to the spot with the others; and when I reached the pier, I became witness to a scene which might have afforded a fine subject for a painter or a poet—for the former, from the striking and even picturesque spectacle that was presented to the view; and for the latter, from the deep under-current of feeling, of joy, and of hope, with which the subject was, as it were, invested, but which, conceived by both, the poet only perhaps could express with appropriate effect.

About half a mile from the shore, a boat was observed coming towards the pier with all speed. It was crowded with sailors, neatly attired in their white trousers and blue jackets, their little round hats gaily decorated with ribbons; and, ever and anon, as they waved their handkerchiefs in the air, a shout arose from the multitude on the pier, which was responded to by those merry ones on the waters, as if the sea and shore were saluting in reciprocal affection. As they came nearer, there was an eager pressing forward—a stretching forth of necks, and an anxious looking towards the boat, which was wafted swiftly and proudly towards them, as if each person were longing to descry and to embrace some valued and long-lost friend among these joyous mariners, who, on approaching the landing-place, were heard chaunting that wild and pleasant melody which is peculiar to seamen, when they

— in chorus gather

All their deep voices as they pull their oars."

At length the boat touched the pier—it reached the stepping stones—there was a rush towards it by those on the quay—a leap and a cry of gladness by those in the boat—and each had singled out his own. Then there were lockings in each other's arms, and manly graspings by the hand; and tears were shed, not of sorrow, but of joy; and kisses given and received, not quietly and stolenly, like the salute of lovers beneath the silent moon, but loudly and gladly, like the embrace of friends long parted!

And wives had met with husbands, sisters with brothers, sons with fathers, and, dearest of all, sweethearts with their lovers. All had met again their kindred and their kind. No! not all. There was one, who stood alone amid the happy, like a lightning-scathed pine in a forest of blossom. He looked around; but, alas! for him there was no "old familiar face," no kind recognition, no warm embrace or friendly greeting. With a sorrowful eye and a bursting heart he leapt upon the shore, and quietly but quickly making his way through the happy crowd, he hastened on towards the village.

Perhaps, because I could obtain no information from any of the parties on the pier, who were too busy with themselves to attend to me—perhaps, because I took compassion on the apparently desolate situation of the lonely mariner, I felt myself impelled to follow his footsteps, and hold some communion with him, regarding the extraordinary scene I had just beheld. As soon, therefore, as I had overtaken him, I inquired the cause of all the bustle on the quay.

"Why, master," said the poor fellow, slightly touching his hat, and half wiping away a tear, "it's nothin' but the return of a whaler, which was supposed to have been lost; and as nearly all our hands were obtained from this here village, a whole boat's crew of us have come here to see our friends—that's all!"

"And the meeting, I observe, has been very affectionate."

"Why, as to that, sir," he replied, assuming a cheerful look and tone, "I believe they are all glad to see each other again, especially after so long an absence; and sailors always bear a kindly heart to their relations." "Have you been long absent, then?"

"Ay, sir, many months after the other ships had come home; and it was reported and believed that the Royal Bounty—that's the name of our ship, sir, and a tight vessel she is—was lost among the ice. Locked up, indeed, we were, sir, between two icebergs, with little chance of ever again getting into the open sea; but Providence is kind, sir, especially to

sailors—and even in our uttermost need, our deliverance was nigh; and so, after great hardships and fatigues, we have been enabled to revisit our native home at last." "Poor fellows, what dangers you must have encountered!"

"None knows what we oftentimes suffer but ourselves; but our perils are all forgotten when we see an old mother and sisters, and get a smack from our own sweethearts again. Them chaps at the pier have been luckier than I, for their friends and lasses came down to meet them, and to bid them welcome, and that's what comforts the heart of the poor sailor after a long voyage; but mine, I suppose, have not heard the news, or mayhap my good old mother is ill, and not able to walk down to the pier to welcome home again her sailor-boy, whom, perhaps, she supposes buried deep, deep, beneath the ice."

A tear, which he could not repress, started into his eye, and I turned away my head to enable him to give it vent. We had reached the irregular row of houses which forms the main street of the little fishing village of Fairley, and were proceeding along the causeway together, when an old woman, her shawl thrown hastily and carelessly across her shoulders, and an expression of surprise, incredulity, and joy on her careworn countenance, followed by a good-looking girl, who appeared to be her daughter, suddenly and hurriedly appeared on one of the turnpike wooden staircases, which are peculiar to all similar old-fashioned towns. The effect was instantaneous, and affecting in the extreme. She beheld her long-lost boy—the great deed had given up its dead—and she fainted in her daughter's arms. The sailor's tears could no longer be controlled, and he blubbered like a child. I felt my own eyes, on a sudden, become watery. If the truth must be told, I fairly wept. Who is there with a heart that could have done otherwise?

Oh! then I felt and acknowledged the truth and mastery of nature. Could all the power and perfection of all the simulated pathos of the stage equal this little scene—this unexpected meeting? Never was I more convinced of the littleness of art, the less than nothingness of stage representation and effect.

When I looked again, the old woman was in the arms of her son, while the young one, bending forward, welcomed her brother with a kiss. Primitive race!—happy people! How I then envied your feelings, and longed to share the full fruition of your joy!

A few years afterwards I was very much affected on reading in the public papers—these officious records of all that is good and all that is bad—that the Royal Bounty, as if a doom hung over her from which she could not escape, was lost, while on a whaling expedition, and that all her crew had perished! I trust that my feeling-hearted friend, the sailor-boy of Fairley, was not among the number.*

A FAIR IN INDIA.

ONE of the chief fairs, or assemblages of the people, in India, takes place at Hurdwar, a town in the province of Delhi, situated on the banks of the Ganges, at the spot in which the sacred river, having forced its passage through a rocky barrier, rushes from the Himalaya Mountains into the adjacent plains. This celebrated place of meeting occupies rather a circumscribed space of ground between the river and a dense forest, still unreclaimed, which nearly meets the western extremity of the town; steep wooded hills form the background; and the place is altogether so full of grand and picturesque beauties, that it is impossible to contemplate it without experiencing sentiments of wonder and delight. In consequence of the exceeding sanctity supposed to be attached to the waters of the Ganges at this place, immense multitudes of pilgrims from every part of India flock to Hurdwar for the purpose of bathing in the holy stream; and the most propitious period being the month of April, sometimes as many as a million of persons are assembled; though, upon ordinary occasions, the visitors do not exceed three hundred thousand. Only a portion of this number consists of Hindoo devotees, the remainder being composed of people of all religions, who resort to the fair held at the same time, by way of mingling worldly with spiritual interests.

The number of Europeans present generally averages about three hundred; a part of these are brought to the fair upon duty in their civil and military capacities, to keep the peace; others are employed by government for the purchase of horses for the service; and the remainder are attracted by pure curiosity. Many rich Mussulmans proceed thither from the same motive, and the rest go for the purpose of buying and selling the commodities brought from every known corner of the globe for sale at this place. The town of Khunkul, which is about three miles to the southward, on the bank of the river, like that of Hurdwar, is very handsomely built; the best houses of cut freestone in both places, having their foundations in the sacred stream,

and presenting a very imposing façade. The possession of a mansion at Khunkul or Hurdwar is quite equivalent to the importance of a town-house in London, and can only be attainable by noble and wealthy Hindoos, who are eager to display their consequence by the purchase of one of these residences, where they spend vast sums of money in feasting those cormorants the Brahmins. Many of the pilgrims live in the tents which they have brought with them; and the remainder are content with temporary huts, or any shelter or shed whatsoever that they can obtain, or even the broad canopy of the sky, or the boughs of some friendly tree. The European visitors usually pitch their tents on both sides of the road from Khunkul; and their encampment is exceedingly striking, the tents being chiefly double poled, and of large dimensions, containing several apartments, while spaces at the back are enclosed by canvass walls. It is very prettily situated amid groves of mangoes, dividing the country houses of rich natives, fancifully built, and having blooming gardens attached to them. The Mohammedan encampments are equally splendid, the awnings of the tents being edged with scalloped borders of scarlet or other gay colours, and the walls striped with the same; while in both, the crowds of servants superbly dressed, and the numerous animals, horses, elephants, camels, and bullocks, picketed singly, or reposing in groups, add greatly to the animation of the scene. In approaching Hurdwar, the concourse increases; the road swarms with travellers in all kinds of conveyances; a fat Brahmin stretched at length upon a bedstead which looks like a bier, and carried upon men's shoulders; others squatting in small cage-like conveyances, just sufficient to hold a person doubled up in the least possible compass; others in more convenient chairs and palanquins, or slung on both sides of a camel in panniers; some in bullock carts, some mounted on bullocks or buffaloes, while horses of every grade, and in fact every kind of animal, either of draught or of burden, are put into requisition for the purpose of transporting the people with their goods and families, multitudes of children being brought in the train of their parents. Religious mendicants of every denomination abound, as well as numerous tribes of fanatics and hypocrites who in India deceive others and themselves by their pretensions to superior sanctity. The charity of the pilgrims at Hurdwar is heavily taxed; they cannot bathe in the river without paying a sum of money to the officiating Brahmins, who attend at all the ghauts; and as the benefit to be obtained merely depends upon the number of separate dips, the full advantage of their pilgrimage is rather costly, while, at every yard which they traverse, they are assailed by the vociferations of some impudent fakere, eager to rob them of their last cowrie.

A view of the town and the fair of Hurdwar bursts upon the traveller at a sudden bend of the road. The space occupied by the fair is rather circumscribed, and presents a scene of perhaps unparalleled confusion; and in the multitude of objects which distract the attention, it would be difficult to fix upon any, did not the Ganges stand out so prominently amid the whole. The river, smooth and tranquil, as if weary of its fierce contentions in its mountain birthplace, spreads itself over a track diversified by low wooded islands; the largest of these, immediately opposite to Hurdwar, being, at the period of the fair, connected to the main land by a temporary bridge. It forms the encamping ground of a battalion of hill-rangers, brought from their head-quarters at Degreh Dhoon to assist in preserving tranquillity during the fair, and at this time is literally covered with awnings of every kind; grass mats, blankets, or pieces of cotton cloth, being extended on poles by those people whom business has obliged to attend, and who cannot afford superior accommodation. At one of these fairs, her late Highness the Begum Sumroo made her appearance, escorted by a thousand horse and fifteen hundred infantry. There were, besides, nuwaubs and rajahs with long trains; and the uniforms and liveries of their followers, many of a very fantastic description, some wearing yellow turbans, and even sashes for the waist, and all decked in gaudy colours, formed groups which neither pen nor pencil could accurately describe. The equipages are equally various, and distinguished by the same barbaric pomp—elephants bearing howdahs plated with silver, or shining with enamelled panels, and caparisoned with cloths of velvet edged with gold, sweeping to the ground; four-wheeled carriages, enclosed all round with curtains of white or scarlet cloth, or striped with both, and uniting at the top in a gilt ornament; others of somewhat the same description on two wheels, decorated with fringes and tassels, and all drawn by bullocks, their horns painted with gay colours, and having embroidered harness and housings, and jingling all over with bells; palanquins open and closed, some panelled with the same kind of enamel work used for the howdahs, others being canopied with crimson or green cloth curtains, fringed with gold. Some of these equipages convey the more wealthy

devotees to the principal ghaut, the remainder being occupied by mere spectators. When a very great Hindoo lady performs the pilgrimage, a portion of the river is parted off for the occasion, and she is carried into the water in a large and richly ornamented litter, which entirely conceals her from view; women of lower rank, transported by the enthusiasm of the moment, are less scrupulous, and bathe openly, some with a very slender modicum of drapery, it being considered rather praiseworthy to enter the river at this time without any superfluous garment. The signal for immersion is given in the first instance by the Brahmins, who, having calculated the most propitious moment, ring their bells. The rush is excessive, and before the road to the principal ghaut was widened, it was often attended by fatal consequences, three hundred persons having, it is said, been trampled upon and squeezed to death upon one occasion. Many pilgrims, almost at their last gasp, having travelled hundreds of weary miles for the purpose, make one expiring effort, and, rushing into the wave, die in the first plunge; others, incapable of this exertion, are conveyed by their friends into the river, where they yield their last breath, happy in the conviction that they shall be immediately absorbed into the holy essence of the divinity.

These death-scenes take place without exciting any interest or attention from the multitude assembled, all being busy about their own affairs; the Brahmins eagerly collecting the tribute, and careful that none shall escape without payment of the toll; the fakere and other religious mendicants as eagerly endeavouring to obtain something for themselves; the bathers intent upon securing as much advantage as they can from their ablutions; and the spectators merely employed in looking on, too completely distracted by the strange sights and sounds on all sides, to give much attention to any particular point. There are two temples in the immediate vicinity of the ghaut, which the pilgrims are expected to visit, and here crowds of Brahmins are stationed to receive the contributions very peremptorily demanded upon all sides; indeed, so many and so pressing are these demands upon the purse, that the pilgrims ought to be very rich, as well as very pious and charitable, in order to meet them. The begging system at Hurdwar almost amounts to robbery; for so long as the poorest pilgrim is suspected of having a single piece of coin of the very smallest denomination left, he is persecuted first by entreaties, and then by abuse, being told that the refusal of a single donation will occasion the denial of the prayers of every holy man. Many of these poor creatures have a long way to travel to their own homes; a circumstance which is not taken at all into consideration by the rapacious wretches, who care not who starves, provided that they are benefited. As it may be easily supposed, the bathing of so great a crowd does not take place without noise and clamour: to the shouts of the multitude are added the sound of large conch shells struck by the Brahmins, the ringing of bells, and the blare of trumpets; making altogether confusion worse confounded. The fair is not less crowded, and certainly not less noisy. At this place are assembled the representatives of every Asiatic nation—mountaineers from the most remote districts, Osbeck Tartars, Arabs, Persians, Seiks, Afghans, and people from Cashmere, Thibet, and the confines of China; Toorks, and the men of Bohlara, Cabul, and Cutch. Horses form the grand article brought for sale, and these may be seen picketed all the way to Khunkul; they are of various descriptions, and of various breeds. Elephants and camels are also brought for sale; and both, like the horse, have their fine points, which are shown off to the best advantage. An elephant, to be perfect, must have a large head and large ears, an arched back, sloping quarters, a deep flank, long trunk mottled throughout, short legs, the first pair bowing out in front, and a flat bunch of hair at the extremity of the tail. The express-camel is a very fine animal, which will go at full speed a hundred miles at a stretch without pulling up, differing very materially in its swiftness and bearing from its melancholy-looking slow-paced brethren, accustomed to be driven long journeys with heavy burdens on their backs. There are other cattle in the shape of bulfs and cows from Kipal, beautiful creatures with soft coats resembling black satin, and large bushy tails of a rich white; bullocks, buffaloes, and Gynees; the other animals consist of hunting-leopards, tigers in cages, deer of various kinds, Persian greyhounds, cats from Bulh, with long silken hair of singular beauty; monkeys, rare birds from the hills, and snakes; cobra capellas, which dance to the music of a pipe, and boa constrictors, worn in the shape of necklaces. The most experienced horse-dealers and jockeys in the world are to be found at Hurdwar, and numerous are the methods by which they manage to pass off their cattle as sound and in good condition; the lean kind are crammed with boiled vetches mingled with pounded ginger, and sugar; the vicious are stupefied by opium; and the sluggish stimulated to action by some potent cordial. It being scarcely possible for any amateur to deal with these experienced practitioners, a broker, or, as he is called in India, a Dulal, is usually employed; and with his assistance, the bargain is speedily concluded. Amongst the curiosities in horses which are brought to Hurdwar, are some very powerful ponies from Osbeck Tartary, called Phloodars, which, translated, means spotted with flowers; they are very curiously marked, being covered all over with figures somewhat resembling those on marbled

* From Bennett's Glasgow Magazine, a discontinued work.

paper; one of these animals would be a great prize at Astley's or the Zoological Gardens.

In the stalls, almost every description of merchandise is exposed for sale—brazen vessels of every kind; idols and images of metal and of clay; common bead necklaces; manufactured articles in coral, lapis lazuli, cornelian, and different marbles; coral, pearls, precious stones rough, polished, or set, and some formed into necklaces, valued at five thousand pounds each; fans, chowries for whisking away the flies; every sort of native ornament in gold, silver, pewter, tinsel, or lac; sable, tiger, leopard, ounce, and other skins; looking-glasses in ivory frames, ornamented with moreen work; toys in ivory and mother-of-pearl; shoes, skull-caps, and scarfs, handsomely embroidered; perfumes and sherberts; truffles from the countries north of the Sutledge; gums and medicinal drugs; shawls brought in bales from Cashmere, and sold unopened; pickles and sweetmeats from China; French watches; English chintzes, broad-cloth, stationery, and cutlery; together with other articles, forming a list too long for enumeration. The clamours of the traffickers are overwhelming; the corn-dealers vociferating when their heaps of barley, wheat, or straw, are trodden down and scattered; while others, watching their bags of pistachio nuts, almonds, raisins, or aniseetida, warn off trespassers with shout and cry; while the neighing of horses, the bellowing of bulls, the trampling of elephants, grunting of camels, barking of dogs, and roaring of wild beasts, fill the air with discordant noises. In consequence of the very great demand for sweetmeats by this vast multitude, men and beasts being in India equally fond of confectionery of all kinds, the lower floors of many of the houses in the town of Hurdwar are let to manufacturers of the sugared articles so much in request, who carry on their operations in the open air, upon stores running under the verandahs. Huge caldrons and basins of iron, copper, and brass, appear filled with a liquid mass, composed of the different ingredients forming the compound; this mixture hisses and sputters as it boils; while at the proper period ladlefuls are taken out, and being poured upon a plate of iron over the furnace, are speedily transformed into cakes, which are piled up in enormous heaps, and sold to the passers by.

Shops belonging to bankers and money-changers are very numerous, and coin collectors may here find many rare and curious specimens; every description of money in India, both ancient and modern, finding its way to Hurdwar. The heat and the glare of the day render evening the most agreeable period for a visit to the fair, which is best accomplished on the back of an elephant. In passing along, groups of dancing girls are to be seen performing in the fronts of the houses of rich people, attended by musicians, and singing with all their might; these amusements being carried on till a very late hour. Other revellers are also abroad, displaying their skill upon all sorts of instruments; and amid all this noise and clamour, the bugles of the battalion of hill-rangers may be heard playing some English air, familiar to European ears, and the more soothing from its contrast to the wild discord around. At night the Ganges wears a very gay and enlivening appearance; the branch nearest the town being illuminated by vast numbers of lights disposed upon its banks, and the surface rendered brilliant by floating lamps, ignited and launched upon the water. Sometimes a grand entertainment is given by the nuwaub of Nughabad, or other great personage, and the profusion of fireworks which always form a part of a native fete, renders the pageant still more effective. Lights are to be seen on all sides, and in all directions, from the temples, houses, tents, stalls, and huts; and, glancing among the trees, the European portion of the visitors drive home to a late dinner, and their encampment forms a very pleasing spectacle, more quiet, but perhaps not so gay with lights and music, as that of the rich natives. At length the uproar, which has been kept up without intermission since daybreak, dies away, and either subsides into a faint murmur, or ceases; the greater number of lamps are extinguished, and silence and darkness prevail. It is at this time that the thieves, a dexterous and numerous class, are upon the alert, and, trusting to the adroitness for which they are famed, venture, in despite of the precaution taken against them, to steal the very habilitations which some cautious sleeper has placed beneath his pillow. A terrier dog proves the best security; but when fatigued by the toils of the day, the wearied animal sinks into profound repose, and sometimes fails to give timely warning. The scientific mode by which an experienced thief will obtain the sheet or other article disposed for safety under the pillow, is to tickle the sleeper's ear with a straw; this causes him to turn, a pull being given at the same time; and should the manoeuvre not be immediately successful, it is repeated at a proper interval, and is pretty certain to answer the end proposed.

Formerly, before the East India Company obtained possession of Hurdwar and its adjacent districts, the fair seldom or ever concluded without battles and bloodshed. The priesthood belonging to the rival sects, of which Hindooism presents many, all of whom are impressed with the notion of the efficacy of the Ganges water, endeavoured to secure the greater portion of the alms collected for themselves. When they and their partisans were strong enough, force was employed in the attainment of

this object; while lawless tribes, covetous of the wealth brought to the fair, attacked the merchants, who were obliged to defend their goods by armed retainers. A very efficient police, under the direction of the European magistrates of the district, now prevents these wholesale robberies, and it is only the petty depredations of professional thieves which are to be apprehended at the present time. The sale of spirituous liquors in the fair is prohibited under a heavy penalty: thus one fertile source of evil is cut off. No one is permitted to enter the place armed. All offensive weapons are deposited with certain officials named Chaprassies, appointed by government to take charge of them; all have duplicate tickets, one of which is given to the owner, who, producing it upon his departure, receives his property back. At one particular period it is upon record that seven hundred thousand swords were thus placed in the care of the chaprassies. But the fair is now said to be on the decline. At the last meeting of which any account has been received in England, it is stated that a greater number of Europeans and fewer Asiatics were present than at any former period. Many people attribute this falling off to the belief now prevalent all over India, that the Christians are destined to spread their religion and customs throughout the land; an opinion which renders vast numbers rather lukewarm in their attachment to the fooleries of the Brahmins.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HORACE.

HORACE, or, to give him his full original Latin name, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, was born in the year 65 before the Christian era, at Venusium, a town on the confines of Apulia and Lucania, in Italy. His origin was considered mean, as his grandfather was a slave. His father, who to the business of a small farm added that of a collector of taxes, appears to have been a man of sense and good feelings, and capable of appreciating the talents of his son. He liberally employed his slender resources in procuring for him the best education which Rome could afford, and appears to have accompanied him thither, that he might exercise over him the control of a moral guardian. Horace, in various parts of his works, adverts, in a manner highly honourable to both parties, to the judicious kindness of his parent. He remarks particularly, as a masterpiece of art in his father, that, when warning him against the vices into which he thought him most likely to fall, he did not directly point out the defects of his character, which, by wounding his self-love, might have been without effect, but called his attention to the defects, along with their evil consequences, which were prominent in the character of his neighbours. At the age of eighteen, Horace was sent by this good parent to Athens, that he might become accomplished in the superior literature and philosophy of Greece. While he resided in that city, Marcus Brutus passed through it on his way to Macedonia, where he was soon after overthrown by Caesar. The unfortunate patriot enlisted several of the scholars in his service, and among the rest Horace, to whom he gave the office of a tribune. The young poet was by no means designed by nature for warfare, and he fairly informs us that, at the disastrous battle of Philippi, he was glad to save himself by a swift flight, unencumbered by his shield. His property was now confiscated to the triumphant party, and it was with difficulty that his friends at home procured immunity for his person, and permission to return to Italy. On so gay a disposition as his, it is not likely that these misfortunes made much impression.

As a resource against indigence, he now began to employ his poetical talents, for, though the press did not then exist, intellectual labour was sure of its appropriate reward through the patronage of wealthy and eminent men. His pieces had the good fortune to procure for him the notice of Virgil, himself a poet then recently rescued from poverty and obscurity, as well as that of the less noted poet Varius. By these men, whose superiority to jealousy entitles them to the greatest praise, he was introduced to Mæcenas, an illustrious Roman minister, whose name has since been an equivalent for the appellation of a patron of letters. He was immediately placed by that great personage in the list of his most intimate friends, and, by the influence of Mæcenas with the emperor, restored to the possession of his estate, so that from this time forward he lived in easy circumstances. Soon after his restoration to fortune, he accompanied his patron on an embassy to Brundisium (now Brindisi), to negotiate a peace between Augustus and Mark Antony. Of this journey he has given a lively account, which ranks among the most admired of his productions, though it contains many passages of a highly exceptionable nature,

The writings of Horace abound in passages flattering to Mæcenas, and it is possible to conceive a mode of life more honourable to such men of genius as Virgil and Horace, than that which they were content to enjoy under the wing of this opulent statesman. Yet we also feel it as a relieving point in the history of the rulers of that day, that they should have adopted into their friendship, and placed in high rank at their tables, men of obscure birth and humble fortune, but of natural talents, even though we may suppose that they expected to enjoy a reflective lustre from these talents. Neither is it very easy to conceive by what other means, at such a time, the benefit of the talents of Horace and Virgil could have been realised to the world. It appears that Mæcenas was not only munificent in his expenditure on behalf of these and other poets, but had adopted the most judicious regulations for their entertainment in his house, discouraging all intrigue and rivalry amongst them, and assigning to each a place according to his merit. It is also certain that Horace maintained a spirit of independence throughout the whole of what would now be justly considered a degrading connection. He had early learned from his excellent father the invaluable art of moderating his desires. He was without ambition, and disposed rather to enjoy peace and quiet with a little of the world's goods, than splendour in the midst of tumults and dangers. He refused the post of secretary which was offered him by Augustus, and he plainly tells Mæcenas, in one passage of his works, that he was ready to resign every gift he had bestowed upon him, rather than yield up his free-agency.

The time, indeed, which Horace spent in Rome, though it must have passed agreeably in the society of Mæcenas and his friends, does not appear to have been the happiest part of his life. He delighted in the calm of the country, and accordingly spent much of his time at a villa which he had in the valley of *Utica*, a few miles from Rome. Of the situation of this villa a minute account was given a few years ago, from personal inspection, by Baron Gerning, a German traveller. The valley is embosomed in the Sabine hills, and is approachable only by a rugged road, over which it is impossible to drag a carriage. We can conceive it to resemble many of the little valleys of Wales and the Highlands of Scotland, at least in the access, and the hills which surround it, though the chestnut trees and vineyards which adorn its lower grounds are of course features of difference. The supposed site of the poet's house is at the bottom of a lofty hill named *Lucretilis*: only some fragments of a Mosaic pavement of small blue and white stones, and a semi-arched wall, supposed to be part of a bath, now remain of this interesting dwelling. Beside the piece of wall, flows a little stream, of which the poet occasionally speaks as murmuring through his farm. It is now called *Fonte-ratine*, and gushes out at once from the side of the *Lucretilis*, near a rock, where once stood the *Grotto of the Goats*, of which Horace has also sung. Here are still to be seen the little goats, *olentis mariti*, browsing on the thyme, and having, according to the poet's description, no fear of the green serpents. Two pyramidal cypresses mark the spot where the fountain gushes forth. At the distance of about half a league, the fountain of *Blandusia* bubbles out amongst the cliffs of the *Lucretilis*, still marked by a piece of wall which probably surrounded it in the poet's time. It is now called *Fontebella*, and is smaller than the *Fonte-ratine*, but also gives rise to a small stream, which forms a beautiful cascade, and joins the waters of the *Fonte-ratine* within the poet's grounds. It was this fountain which he addressed in his sparkling ode—

O Fons Blandusie, splendor vitro—
Fountain, whose waters far surpass
The shining face of polished glass,
To thee the goblet, crowned with flowers,
Grateful the rich libation pours.

Soon shalt thou flow a noble spring,
While in immortal verse I sing
The oak, that spreads thy rocks around,
From whence thy bubbling waters bound.

At this fountain commences the extensive Sabine forest, where Horace was once attacked by a wolf, while singing of his *Lalage*.

The little rustic and picturesque scene thus described was that in which the poet loved to while away existence: it was the limit of his wish, as expressed in the ode—

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus;

I often wish'd I had a farm,
A decent dwelling snug and warm,
A garden, and a spring as pure
As crystal running by my door,
Besides a little ancient grove,
Where at my leisure I might rove.

The gracious gods, to crown my bliss
Have granted this, and more than this;
I have enough in my possessing;
'Tis well: I ask no greater blessing.
O Hermes! than, remote from strife,
To have and hold them for my life.

If I was never known to raise
My fortune by dishonest ways,
Nor, like the spendthrifts of the times,
Shall ever sink it by my crimes:

Whenever therefore I retreat
From Rome into my Sabine seat,
By mountains fenced on either side,
And in my castle fortified,
What can I write with greater pleasure,
Than satires in familiar measure?
Nor mad ambition there destroy, &c.

To this cool and retired valley Horace usually repaired in the warm months of summer, and remained there until the autumn, as his invitation to his mistress, whom he poetically calls Tyndaris, denotes:

Velox amenum arpe Lucretium.

Pan, from Arcadia's hills descends
To visit oft my Sabine seat,
And here my tender goats defends
From rainy winds, and summer's fiery heat;
For when the vales, wide spreading round,
The sloping hills, and polished rocks,
With his harmonious pipe resound,
In fearless safety graze my wandering flocks;
In safety through the woody brake
The latent shrubs and thyme explore,
Nor longer dread the speckled snake,
And tremble at the martial wolf no more.
Their poet to the gods is dear,
They love his pious and muse,
And all our rural honours here
Their flow'ry wealth around thee shall diffuse.
Here shall you tune Anacreon's lyre,
Beneath a shady mountain's brow,
To sing frail Circe's guilty fire,
And chaste Penelope's unbroken vow.

Here, in the bosom of rural tranquillity, Horace sung to a restless and wealthy friend:—

Vivitar parvo bene, cui patrumus.

Happy the man whose frugal board
His father's plenty can afford:
His gentle sleep nor anxious fear
Shall drive away, nor nortid care.

The Spirit that, serenely gay,
Careless enjoys the present day,
Can with an easy cheerful smile
The bitterness of life beguile;
Nor fears the approaching hour of fate,
Nor hopes for human bliss complete.

There he sung his "Beatus ille"—

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,

Like the first mortals blest is he,
From debts, and usury, and business free,
With his own teams who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once confound his father's toil.

When Horace was in tumultuous Rome, and sighed to be at Sabinum, he probably exclaimed,

O rus quando ego to aspiciam? quando floebit,

When shall I see my sweet retreat!
Oh! when with books of sages deep,
Sequester'd ease, and gentle sleep,
In sweet oblivion, blissful balm!
The busy cares of life becalm!

This demesne could not have been inconsiderable, for before it came into the possession of Horace, five families lived upon it and cultivated it. It was probably in the spring and autumn that he resided in Rome, for in the depth of winter he used to repair to Tarentum, the southern province of Italy, in order to enjoy as much as possible of the sun, of which he confesses he was fond.

Horace died in the year 6 before the Christian era, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and was buried on the Esquiline hill in Rome, near the tomb of Mæcenas, whose death by two years preceded his own. His lyrical writings consist of four books of Carmina or Odes, the first of which contains 39, the second 20, the third 30, and the fourth 15 pieces; a book of Epodes, or nearly similar compositions, 17 in number; and a Carmen Seculare (on the Secular Games). He wrote two books of Satires, the first containing 10 and the second 8 pieces; two books of Epistles, the first containing 20, and the second 2 pieces; and the Art of Poetry. The whole of these compositions form only one small volume. The authors of that day, from the difficulty of disseminating long compositions, were induced to condense their thoughts into the smallest possible space; for the same reason, they bestowed more care in polishing and improving their compositions than is found easily practicable in the present day, when the press often waits for matter as it proceeds from the mind of the author. No poet has profited more by these circumstances than Horace, whose works seem formed of the very pith and marrow of good sense, while there is a felicity in his language that defies all translation. Horace is not a poet of imagination: he seems to have had no natural vocation to the field of high narrative, or soaring speculation, or profound feeling. He shines in comments on life and manners, and in easy and playful communings with friends. None of the classics read at school are so apt to fix the permanent affections of the student, for none present so many thoughts that savour of the present world. He is therefore peculiarly the pocket-companion of the classical scholar. His works have been so often printed, that a large library was once formed of the various editions, and it is far from probable that the collection was complete.

Attempts have been made to draw up a connected view of the philosophy of Horace, but with no great success. He wrote from emotions rather than principles, and, though he could moralise on the heroic virtues of the Stoical philosophy, he seems to have been chiefly under the influence of the Epicurean. In practice he appears to have been unrestrained by any other suggestions than those of moderation and prudence. It is to be regretted that his language and sentiments are often licentious. His philosophy, if he had any, was that of enjoying as much of the world as possible in peaceful retirement—a view which excludes all the active virtues, and takes no cognisance

of the noble principles of self-denial and self-devotion, without which mankind were little better than a flock of animals, wild and tame. It is chiefly such sense as he shows in the following ode that recommends him to the love of modern readers:—

Licinius! wouldst thou wisely live,
Not always to the ocean give
Thy wearied bark; nor yet, in fear
Of the loud tempest, draw too near
The shallows of the treacherous shore.
He may the golden path explore,
Who shuns the evil that pursues
Dire poverty's dejected state;
Yet asks not, temperate in his views,
The envied treasures of the great.
The lofty pine-tree, raised on high,
The driving storm more rudely feels;
And the proud tower, that seeks the sky,
But with a mightier ruin reels.
The lightning blasts the mountain's height,
While safe retires the lowly vale;
Hope all thou canst in adverse fate,
And wisely fear the prosperous gale.
Thus, well prepared thy breast shall be
For aught the future may decree.
The Power Supreme on men below
Now bids the unwelcome winter blow,
Now checks its wrath. Perpetual ill
Not oft the mortal cup distils:
Sometimes the silent Muse will wake,
Nor does his bow Apollo break.
Then rise, with fortitude clad,
Against the opposing shocks of fate,
And in a too successful gale
Contract with care thy swelling sail.

There is something, also, in his enthusiastic love of the country—in his perpetual "O rus, quando te aspiciam?"—and the relish with which he talks of repasts enjoyed "in remoto gramine," the far green retreats of his Sabine vale, that charms a modern fancy. We join in his rustic dances, and quaff with him the cool Falernian. Nor is Horace without feeling. In his ode to Venus, at the beginning of the fourth book of his Carmina, there is absolute pathos in his regrets for the days of sportive youth, and his remark that the tear so rarely flows from his eyes.

As only two traits of the person of Horace are known, it would be improper to omit them. He was of low stature, but made up for this, as we learn from an epistle addressed to him by the emperor Augustus, by corpulence, or obesity. He was, in short, a thick, fat, happy little fellow.

BURNING OF WILD-GOOSE LODGE.

IN the county of Louth in Ireland, and at the distance of about nine miles from the town of Dundalk, stood some years ago a house called Wild-Goose Lodge—a name conferred upon it from its whimsically chosen situation on a small peninsula jutting into a marsh meadow, which was occasionally transformed into lake by the winter floods of the Louth. In summer, the residence was reached from the meadow without difficulty; but during winter, the case was very different, it being then approachable only by a narrow neck of land hemmed in by the surrounding waters. At the period to which we refer, Wild-Goose Lodge was tenanted by an industrious man, named Lynch, and his family. Lynch had been very successful in improving a few fields attached to his dwelling, and somewhat elevated above the yearly inundations; he was in the habit also of raising a considerable quantity of flax, which he manufactured into cloth, and carried to the adjoining markets of Dundalk or Newry, where it was readily sold to advantage. By these means he rose in respectability among his neighbours, and comfort and contentment smiled around his dwelling. But an evil hour came, and he himself was unhappily in some measure instrumental in bringing it on.

An illegal association, bound by secret oaths, sprung up among the Roman Catholics living around Wild-Goose Lodge. Lynch, though a moderate man, believed that such a combination, on the part of those who held the same opinions with himself, was necessary to counteract similar demonstrations on the opposite or Protestant side, and he therefore joined the association. A very short time sufficed to show him the imprudence of his conduct. Wild-Goose Lodge was a central point in a remote and secluded district, and the members of the association, not without the countenance, at first, of the occupier, began to make the house their usual point of assemblage. Their numbers, however, speedily increased so much as to submit the family to great inconvenience, and their views, besides, so far exceeded Lynch's own in violence, as to place him under just apprehensions lest he should be held as the leading promoter of all that might be said or done by those who made his dwelling their nightly haunt. Forced to act, in this dilemma, for the sake of himself and his family, he came to the resolution of desiring his neighbours to assemble no more under his roof. This interdiction excited a strong feeling of ill-will against him among the leaders of the combination, and they afterwards habitually gave him every annoyance they could think of, with the view of ejecting him from the place.

Once liberated, in some degree, from the consequences of his imprudence, Lynch persisted in the

line of conduct he had entered upon. The result was, that one night a party of men, disguised, entered his house, stripped him in presence of his family, and after flogging him, destroyed his furniture, insulted his wife, and cut the web in the loom from the one selvage thread to the other, down to the beam on which it rested. These wanton injuries to an honest, industrious, and (leaving aside his junction of an illegal union) well-conducted man, were galling and hard to bear. Lynch was the husband of an amiable, affectionate wife, and the father of a young family, depending on him for subsistence. If he did bear it in silence, further injuries might follow, and himself, with the wife of his bosom and his helpless babes, be deprived of their all, and thrown upon the world to beg for subsistence. Again, to denounce those with whom he had joined in an oath, was a proceeding not only full of danger, but to which Lynch could with difficulty bring his mind. Anxious and irresolute, he appealed to the minister of his religion for protection, but it was of no avail. His midnight persecutors continued to harass him, and at last, seeing the ruin of his family inevitable, unless he bestirred himself, and being able to point out and identify those who had injured him, Lynch determined to brave the anger of his assailants, and appeal to the laws of his country. Having formed this resolution, he held to it, in spite of the most awful and ominous endeavours to intimidate him, and two of the party, who had attacked his house, were prosecuted, convicted, and suffered death.

Terrible was the wrath of the secret associates, among whom it chanced there were some men of such characters as are happily rarely to be met with in the world. One of the oaths taken by this body was, that no one member should bring another before the bar of justice. Certainly this oath, bad as it was in every sense, never contemplated that one member was not to resent the gross injuries done to him by another. But, as might have been anticipated from the previous exhibition of feeling, Lynch was held, in the strongest sense of the word, to have violated the oaths he had taken.

Not far from Wild-Goose Lodge stood a chapel, where the association met after the ejection of its members from the house of Lynch. The leading man of the body, Patrick or Paddy Devann, was clerk to the priest of the district, and had the charge of the chapel. Within this building, consecrated for widely different purposes, the midnight band assembled on a night destined by the leaders of the party for the destruction of the unfortunate Lynch. Devann, the principal agent in the scene, in order to make a deeper impression on the minds of the crowd present in the chapel, assembled them around the altar, and, after administering an oath of secrecy to them, descended on the falling off of Lynch, and the necessity of suppressing all defections among themselves. He then darkly hinted the object of the meeting to be Lynch's punishment, and hoped that it would serve as a warning to them all to be firm to the obligations on which they had entered, and true to the interests of the body. Having finished his address, Devann then lifted from before the altar a potsherd containing a piece of burning turf, and, moving from the chapel, desired them to follow him.

Some scores of the band were on horseback, having come from distant places at the imperative summons sent to them. Many more were on foot, and all these moved desultorily onwards, Devann preceding them, towards the abode of the devoted victim. To the credit of human nature it must be stated, that few of this numerous party had the slightest idea of what was intended by the originators of the movement. As the men went along, they were inquiring among themselves, in whispers, what was to be done; even those who had heard Devann's threats did not believe that they would be enforced, or that any further injury would be done than had been inflicted before.

Silence reigned along the party's route. Nothing disturbed the general quiet, save the distant house-dog's bark, and the trembling unequal tread of the nocturnal band, as they approached the abode of the unoffending, unsuspecting, and sleeping family. No barrier opposed their advance; no watchful guardian stood between them and the objects of their vengeance; they drew nigh the house, and all was still and motionless.

While the majority of the persons present still remained ignorant of what was to be accomplished, but obeyed their leaders passively, an extensive circle of men was formed by Devann's directions around the devoted dwelling. Then, those few who were aware of all the enormity of the project, crept forward along the ground, towards the house, the pike in one hand and the lighted turf in the other. Well did the wretches know that there was no chance of escape for those within, for the house was filled with the flax by which poor Lynch made his bread; and as soon as it was caught by the flame, extinction was a thing next to impossible. The turfs were applied, and in a few minutes the house was on fire—with a family of thirteen souls beneath its blazing roof! The flames rose towards the sky, and illuminated the adjacent scene. Speedily were heard from within the supplicating cries of the miserable victims, "Mercy! for God's sake, mercy! mercy! mercy!" But the cry was vain. So far from evincing any feelings of compunction while the work of destruction was going on, the wretches who had caused it stood ready with their pikes to thrust back those who might attempt to es-

One attempt was made to move their pity; and had the men had hearts, they must have been moved. The wife of Lynch, while her own body was already enveloped in flames, had endeavoured to preserve the infant at her breast, and she appeared at the windows, content to die herself, but holding out her child for mercy and protection. Frantically she threw it from her. And how was it received? On the point of spikes, and instantly tossed back into the burning ruins, into which at the same time sunk its hapless mother. One other only of those within, and this was a man, one of Lynch's assistants, appeared on the walls, beseeching for mercy; but he likewise received none. The veins of his face were visible, swollen like cords, and horror was painted on his whole aspect. He, and all who were within, perished. Lynch himself, either cut off early, or resigned to his fate, never appeared, either to denounce the act of his persecutors, or to supplicate their pity.

It is impossible to say with what feelings the main party encircling the house at a little distance beheld the consummation of the purposes of the night. The majority of them certainly felt horror, while others, in whose minds a blind hatred of Lynch was predominant, felt mingled sensations of horror and exultation; and the conjoined feelings expended themselves in cries, that were re-echoed by the groans of the victims. The terrified peasantry of the neighbourhood who had not joined the associated throng, started from their pillows, and gazed towards the ascending flames of Wild-Goose Lodge with fear and shrinking, for they too well knew the feelings of the district to regard it as a common accident, which it would have been their duty and their pleasure to have aided in suppressing and relieving. Until all sounds of life, therefore, were extinct within the burning house, the authors of the deed looked on undisturbed. When all was over, they skulked away, each to his own home.

The winds of autumn and the storms of winter had swept the ashes of Wild-Goose Lodge over the fields which Lynch had cultivated, ere any one of the actors in this atrocious crime was brought to justice. But the presence of some of the less guilty of them having been discovered, and brought home beyond a doubt, these, in order to save themselves, made a revelation of all they knew and had seen. Anticipating this, the ringleaders fled to various parts of the country, but the arm of the offended law overtook them. Devann was found in the situation of a labourer in the dock-yards of Dublin, and others were taken at different times and places. Eleven were executed, and, to mark the atrocity of the crime, their bodies were hung in chains at Louth and other spots in the neighbourhood of Wild-Goose Lodge. Devann was executed within the roofless walls of the house in which his victims were immolated, and his body afterwards suspended beside those of his associates.

It has been already mentioned, that the greater number of those who were so far accessory to this crime, in having countenanced it with their presence, knew nothing of the real intentions of the ringleaders. Many of the same persons, also, it is but justice to add, would have saved the victims, had they dared or been able, and afterwards would even have devoted their own bodies to the flames to blot out the stain from the annals of their country. From the statements of these persons, and the evidence given at the trial, has been drawn up this little narrative.

TANKS AND PONDS.

The fourth anniversary (1836) of the Royal Polytechnic Society of Cornwall was attended by several professors and scientific men, who, after examination of the prize models, expressed their admiration of the practical application, by operative miners in this remote portion of the empire, of those scientific principles on which it was their department at the universities to lecture. But as the success of the machinery for draining the mines often deprived both men and cattle of that supply of good water which contributes to health and comfort, it was suggested that this might be remedied by tanks similar to nine which had been eminently useful during the late three dry summers on the property of Mr Davis Gilbert, president of this society; and as they are cheaply and easily constructed, and not liable to decay like wooden vessels, and as rain enough falls on every house in England for the use of its inhabitants, no family could be deficient in good soft water, who made a tank to retain it, and such tanks being paved over, take up no room.

The sizes at East Bourn vary; one of less than seven feet deep and wide has served two labourers' families for three years, whilst most of the springs in the neighbourhood were dry.

A tank twelve feet by seven feet has been found sufficient to supply with water a large family and six horses; this was surrounded by only four and a half inch brick-work resting solid against the sides, in consequence of being, like a decanter, smaller at the bottom than higher up, and the dome is constructed on the Egyptian plan, by projecting horizontally each row of materials one-third of their length beyond those below, by filling up the back with earth as it proceeded to balance the weight of this projecting masonry.

At the East Bourn workhouse for fourteen parishes, a tank has been made twenty-three feet deep by eleven wide, of the roughest materials, being only flint stones; and though they require more mortar than if they had been regularly shaped, only ninety bushels of lime were allowed, including two coats of plaster, and the workmanship is executed like field walls, at 10s. per 100 square feet, the only essential being that no clay be used (which

worms in time bore through), and that the lime, or Parker's cement, be good.

A current of air is said to promote the purity of water in tanks, which is easily effected by the earthenware or other pipe which conveys the water from the roof, being of six or eight inches in diameter, and an opening left for the surplus water to run away; and where the prevailing winds do not blow soot and leaves on the house, the water remains good, even for drinking, without clearing out the rubbish more than once a year; but in some cases, filtering by ascension may be found useful, and effected by the water being delivered by the pipe at the bottom of a cask or other vessel, from which it cannot escape till it has risen through the holes in a board covered with pebbles, sand, or powdered charcoal.

Upwards of twenty labourers' gardens have been watered by the rain, which formerly injured the public road, and was therefore turned into a sink-well, which sink-well, enlarged and surrounded by nine-inch masonry drawn up by a cast-iron curb, was used in planting potatoes, and occasioned good crops in 1835, when sets not watered failed. And should stall-feeding, as practised in Scotland, Holland, Germany, &c., be happily extended to Cornwall, and that fattening oxen are kept in pairs not tied up under shelter, it will be found that preserving in tanks the water which falls on barns and stalls will amply supply them, whilst it saves this rain washing away the strength of the manure in the open yard.

Ponds have been made with equal success, dug four and a half feet only below the surface, what is excavated being added to the sides, and covered, about one foot thick, like a road, with pebbles and good lime mortar. Such ponds are become general on the dry soil of the South Downs for watering the large flocks of sheep, and had such ponds been found in Romney Marsh, &c., during the three dry seasons preceding December 1834, the sheep would not have died in such numbers as materially raised the price of meat in London, and would have raised it much higher, if the large premiums given for many years by the Agricultural Society of Scotland had not enabled North Britain to supply a great proportion of the sheep, as well as oxen, consumed in the metropolis.—*Labourers' Friend Magazine*.

REMINISCENCES OF LEITH WALK.

EVERY body who has visited our northern metropolis has seen the long and broad thoroughfare, Leith Walk—a sort of Boulevard, connecting the city with the scene of maritime traffic at the port. In ancient times, before this commodious thoroughfare existed, the way from Edinburgh to Leith was by what is called the Easter Road, which led from the eastern part of the old city near Holyroodhouse. The Easter Road, now a good deal deserted, figures in some of the historical incidents of the country. Along that way, a great many skirmishes took place during the time when the reformers besieged the anti-reformers in Leith in 1559, as also during the wars between the partisans of Queen Mary and the adherents of the minor James VI. Along that way, the Marquis of Montrose was brought in 1651, when about to be consigned to an ignominious death in Edinburgh. There was even, it seems, a road farther to the east, which was used as a passage from Edinburgh to Leith, the present road by Lochend: when Queen Mary landed at Leith in 1561, she took that way in her progress to Holyroodhouse.

Up to the period of the building of the North Bridge, which connects the Old with the New Town of Edinburgh, the Easter Road was the principal one. The origin of Leith Walk was accidental. At the approach of Cromwell to Edinburgh immediately before the battle of Dunbar, Lesley, the Covenanter general, arranged the Scottish troops in a line, the right wing of which rested upon the Calton Hill, and the left upon Leith, being designed for the defence of these towns. A battery was erected at each extremity, and the line was itself defended by a trench and a mound, the latter composed of the earth dug from the former. He himself took up his head-quarters at Broughton: the present writer has seen dispatches by him, dated from that primitive village. When the war was shifted to another quarter, this mound became a kind of walk—not a road—between the two towns. It is thus described in a book published in 1748:—"A very handsome gravel walk, twenty feet broad, which is kept in good repair at the public charge, and no horses suffered to come upon it." When Provost Drummond built the North Bridge, in 1769, he contemplated that it should become an access to Leith, as well as to the projected New Town. Indeed, he seems to have been obliged to make it pass altogether under that semblance, in order to conciliate the people: for, upon the plate sunk under the foundations of the bridge, it is solely described as the opening of a road to Leith. At that time, the idea of a new town seemed so chimerical that he scarcely dared to avow his patriotic intentions. After the opening of the bridge, the walk seems to have become used by carriages, but without any regard being paid to its condition, or any system established for keeping it in repair. It consequently fell into a state of disorder, from which it was not rescued till after the commencement of the present century, when the present splendid causeway

was formed at a great expense by the city of Edinburgh, and a toll erected for its payment. Both have been equally durable.*

Some fifty years ago, when Sir Walter Scott was a very little boy, he happened to be taking an airing with his mother and a male friend in this direction. The walk was then unadorned with houses; indeed, the state of the road was such that there was little attraction for building. With an exertion of mind above his years, the young poet said to his mother, that he should not be surprised to see Edinburgh and Leith eventually joined together as one town. His mother only smiled at the notion, as a piece of childish nonsense, and requested him not to interrupt her conversation with the gentleman who accompanied them. She little thought that he was correct in his anticipations. Not many years elapsed before the way was lined on both sides by a nearly continuous line of houses, so as to form a connecting street between the two towns, while a later age has seen some progress made in a new city, which is projected to occupy the space on a broader scale.

One terrible peculiarity attended Leith Walk in its former condition. It was overhung by a gibbet, from which were suspended all culprits whose bodies at condemnation were sentenced to be hung in chains. The place where this gibbet stood, called the Gallow-Lee, is now a good deal altered in appearance. It was a slight rising ground, immediately above the site of the toll, and on the west side of the road, being now partly enclosed by the precincts of a villa where the mother of the beautiful Duchess of Gordon formerly lived. The greater part of the Gallow-Lee now exists in the shape of mortar in the walls of the houses of the New Town. At the time when that elegant city was built, the proprietor of this redoubtable piece of ground, finding it composed of excellent sand, sold it all away to the builders, to be converted into mortar, so that it soon, from a rising ground, became a deep hollow. An amusing anecdote is told in connection with this fact. The honest man, it seems, was himself fully as much of a sand-bed as his property. He was a big, voluminous man, one of those persons upon whom drink never seems to have any effect. It is related that every day, while the carts were taking away his sand, he stood regularly at the place, receiving the money in return; and every little sum he got was immediately converted into liquor, and applied to the comfort of his inner man. A public-house was at length erected at the spot for his own behoof; and, assuredly, as long as the Gallow-Lee lasted, this house did not want custom. Perhaps, familiar as the reader may be with stories of rags who have drunk away their last acre, he never before heard of the thing being done in so literal a manner.

The celebrated Lord Lovat once lived somewhere about the head of Leith Walk, probably in one of the little villas which formerly existed or still exist in that quarter. When Henry Home, afterwards Lord Kames, was a young man, Lovat observed his talents, and conceiving, from his success at the bar, that he might in the course of time become serviceable to himself, resolved to make him his friend. Often observing the rising advocate pass up and down between Edinburgh and Leith, and presuming upon a very slight acquaintance, his lordship one day ran out, and, getting Home all in his arms, began to administer some of those flattering compliments which he used to call his *weepsons*. "My dear Henry," he cried, "how heartily I rejoice in this rencontre!—how does it come to pass," he continued, "that you never look in upon me? Almost every day I see you go past my windows, as if for the very purpose of inflaming me with a more and more passionate desire of your company. You ought really to consider that, in proportion as you have the power of charming, so you ought to have the will. Unless you will vouchsafe me some favour, I must absolutely die of unrequited passion." "My lord," cried Home, endeavouring to extricate himself from his admirer's arms, "this is quite intolerable. I ken very weel I am the coarsest and most black-a-vised wretch in a' the Court of Session. Sae ye need na think to impose upon me with your fair-fashioned speeches. Hae duna—hae duna." "Well, Henry," cried Lovat, in an altered tone; "you are the first man I have ever met with who had the understanding to withstand flattery." "My dear lord," said Home, "I am glad to hear you say so." Lovat's purpose was accomplished.

If my reader be an inhabitant of Edinburgh of any standing, he must have many delightful associations of Leith Walk in connection with his childhood. Of all the streets in Edinburgh or Leith, the *Walk*, in former times, was certainly the street for boys and girls. From top to bottom, Leith Walk used to be a scene of wonders and enjoyments peculiarly devoted to children. For one thing, it was decidedly the Exhibition ground of its day—the place where shows "most did congregate." Besides the panoramas and caravan-shows, which were, as the phrase goes, here to-day and away to-morrow, there were several shows upon Leith Walk, which might be considered as regular fixtures, as part of the country cousin sights of Edinburgh. Who can forget the wax-works of "Mrs Sands, widow of the late G. Sands," which occupied a *laigh* shop opposite to the present Haddington Place, and at the door of which,

* The toll-bar was removed only a year or two ago, long after it had satisfied the legitimate object of its erection. We mention the fact, as a singular instance of the removal of a turnpike.

besides various parrots, and sundry birds of paradise, sat the wax figure of a little man, in the dress of a French courtier of the *ancien régime*, reading one eternal copy of the Edinburgh Advertiser? The very outskirts of these wonder-shops was an immense treat: all along the Walk, it was one delicious scene of squirrels hung out at doors, and monkeys dressed like soldiers and sailors, with holes behind where their tails came through. Even the half-penniless boy might here get his appetite for wonders so far gratified.

Besides being of old the chosen place for shows, Leith Walk was the Rialto of objects. This word requires explanation. It is applied by the people of Scotland to persons who have been born with, or overtaken by, some miserable personal evil. From one end to the other, Leith Walk was garrisoned by poor creatures under these circumstances, who, from hand-barrows, wheel-barrows, or iron legs, if peradventure they possessed such adjuncts, entreated the passers by for charity—some by voices of song, some by speech, some by drizzling, as Burns calls it, on fiddles, or grinding on hand-organs—indeed, a complete continuous ambuscade against the pocket. Shows and objects have now alike vanished from Leith Walk, the former to the Mound, the latter to the home of the last year's snow. It is now a plain street, composed of little shops of the usual suburban appearance, and characterised by nothing peculiar—except, perhaps, a certain air of pretension, which is, in some cases, abundantly ludicrous. A great number, be it observed, are mere tiled cottages, which contrive, by means of lofty fictitious fronts, plastered and painted in a showy manner, to make up a good appearance towards the street. Posterior humility has, in Leith Walk, no effect upon the anterior pretensions. If there be a school in one of those receptacles, it is entitled an *academy*; if an artisan's workshop, however humble, it is a *manufactory*—or perhaps the definite article, *the*, is used, as if there were no other such manufactory in the world. Every thing about it is still showy and insubstantial; it is still, in some measure, the type of what it formerly was.

TURKISH STEAM-BOATS.

THE steam-boat, chiefly of English manufacture, is rapidly civilising the barbarous eastern part of Europe. It is at present doing more in one day to break down prejudices, and open the mind, than was formerly done in a period of years. We refer to Mr Spencer's Travels in Circassia for some interesting particulars on this subject. He thus describes the voyage of a steam-boat called the *Crescent*, from Varna to Trebizond, in Turkey:—"The *Crescent* was literally filled with passengers: the greater number Turks. The passion of these people for travelling in a steam-boat, who at first would not enter one, is now so great, that it may almost be termed a mania; but this is in consonance with the general tenor of their character; when once excited by any new change, or popular reform, their enthusiasm knows no bounds. I have seen the steam-packet bureaus in Constantinople besieged by multitudes in search of tickets, having no more important business than the enjoyment of an agreeable trip; and never was a *Margate steamer*, in the height of the season, more densely crowded than those which leave Constantinople. You may therefore easily imagine what a lucrative speculation the navigation of these seas by steam has been for the proprietors. To a European it was not a little amusing to observe their movements on deck: each Turk, armed with his little carpet, provender-bag, and *tchibouque*, appeared the very picture of contentment.

Surely (adds Mr Spencer) the world has never witnessed an invention better adapted than steam to connect the inhabitants of the earth by the same ties of religion, habits, customs, and manners; in one word, to effect a complete moral revolution. Its influence has been already felt by the benighted inhabitants of those beautiful countries on the banks of the Danube; and if to this we add rail-roads, with their steam-carriages, which, from their convenience and celerity, must in process of time become universal, what may we not expect in a few years?

Do we not already see the whole of the nations of the East, wherever the arms of Europe or her commerce have penetrated, beginning to evince a taste for European habits? They are partial to our clothes, furniture, and even fashions. In the Ottoman empire we find not only the sultan, but his grandees, who only a few months since ate with their fingers, and sat upon the ground, now making use of tables, chairs, knives, forks, and spoons, and furnishing their apartments with costly looking-glasses, chiffoniers, secretaires, chests of drawers, &c.; and I assure you, in a few years we shall find that they will entirely conform to the customs and manners of Europe. At present I do not know a speculation more likely to prove profitable, than to send cargoes of furniture to Constantinople, and other large towns in Turkey and the East; and any of my mercantile readers who may act upon this hint, will remember with gratitude the writer of these letters.

In short, a volume would scarcely suffice to tell the advantages of steam, and the consequences it is likely to produce. Even now, a man leaving London is carried into the heart of Germany by steam; he has then only to take post and traverse Bavaria and part of Austria to Vienna, where steam-boats are waiting to carry him to Constantinople. This immense distance, the most agreeable tour that can be performed, may be completed at a trifling expense, and in the short space of, at most, twenty days, without the slightest fatigue, not even the loss of a single night's rest.

What other mode of travelling than steam could unite the various nations by which I am now surrounded, all mingling together in the happy bonds of fellowship? Before the appearance of steam-boats in these seas, Franks

were regarded by the blinded fanatic followers of Mahomet as barbarians; now they are lauded to the skies: here, I have been travelling for days in the company of a Turk; we ate out of the same provender-bag, drank out of the same cup, and felt for each other the same kindly feelings of the sincerest friendship." Greece, in its youthful modern nationality, has been prodigiously benefited by the establishment of steam-boats: according to Mr Spencer, the spirit of constant, untiring improvement which peculiarly characterises the civilisation of England, is sure to follow in the wake of the paddle.

THE PRADO.

ALMOST every large city has its place of public resort in the open air, for the solace and amusement of the idle and the refined. Paris has its Tuilleries-gardens, London its Hyde and St James's Park, New York its Broadway, Vienna its Prater, Naples its Chiaia, and Madrid its Prado. The Prado of Madrid is, both to Spaniards and strangers, a source of inexhaustible amusement. As a public walk, it is one of the finest within the walls of any European city, finer in most respects than the Tuilleries. Anciently, it was a field or meadow, as its name imports, which, like the French word prairie, is from the Latin term for a meadow. Charles III. levelled it, planted it with trees, and made it the beautiful walk it now is.

The Prado begins at the gate of Atocha, and passing the magnificent entrance of Atocha, extends round to the convent of the Recoletos, following the limits of the city. On entering it (says a lively writer in the North American Review) from the gate of Atocha, or rather from the street of the same name, the stranger finds himself in the midst of a superb, wide opening, called the saloon; on the right hand of which is a double walk, and on the left, first a broad drive for the carriages, wide enough for four or five to pass abreast, and afterwards another double walk; the whole ornamented with three fine fountains and eight rows of trees, statues, and marble seats. During the forenoon and nearly the whole of the afternoon, in the fine season, no part of the city is so silent and deserted as this; and yet when the heat will permit, it is a spot, which, of all others in Madrid, is most attractive by its freshness, its solitude, and its shade. Between five and six o'clock, the whole Prado is carefully watered, to prevent the dust, which would otherwise be intolerable, in a city where rain is very rare in the summer season. Just before sunset, the carriages of all Madrid, and a great proportion of the population of the city, begin to appear; and about half an hour after sunset, the exhibition is in its greatest splendour. There is nothing like it any where else. In the vast space appropriated to the carriages and horsemen, two rows of coaches, forming one unbroken line, move, at a slow walk, up and down on each side, as they do in the Corso of Rome during the carnival, prevented by their own multitude from advancing any faster; while the king, the infantas, and the royal family, with their guards, dash up and down in the midst, at a full trot, in a space kept open for them, and compel every body on foot to be uncovered, and every body in a carriage to stop, and, however awkward the manoeuvre may be, to stand up. But such equipages can be found in no other part of Christendom, such a motley confusion, or such a strange and incongruous variety; for the fashions of at least three centuries are confounded so completely, that it is often difficult to tell to which the different parts belong, and impossible to conjecture how they have been thus brought together. First, perhaps, comes along a beautiful coupée, such as might be ventured at the exhibition of Longchamps, or in Hyde Park, but drawn with difficulty by two worn-out mules, attached to it by ropes, and with a postilion who looks as if he had come down unchanged, from the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Next follows a Gothic-looking chariot, without springs, covered with antique carving and gilding, but with two fine Andalusian steeds, who are kept with difficulty in the grave and measured pace prescribed to all, while, behind the vast machine, stands a light chasseur of the newest pattern, with his feathered chapeau de bras stuck affectedly under his arm. After this comes, perhaps, a broken-down, dirty modern coach, painted on its panels with all four-footed and creeping things, and seeming almost covered over with laced lacqueys; and finally, follows some ambassador's splendid parade barouche, which makes all the rest look dim and mean. But amusing as is the procession which is thus brought together in the Prado, partly by the vanity of the nobility, who have hardly any opportunity except this to show themselves, but chiefly because there is no other drive in Madrid or its neighbourhood, it should still be remembered that the prevalent custom of using mules instead of horses, which extends even to the royal family, and the great proportion of antiquated, grotesque carriages, covered with all forms of vulgar painting and gilding, prevent this part of the exhibition from being little else besides amusing to a foreigner.

The exhibition on foot, however, in the saloon, and in the walks adjacent to it, is altogether different. The greater part of the persons who constitute it are women; and the national costume for them, which all are compelled to observe, from the highest to the lowest, the moment they appear abroad, except in a carriage, is so singularly adapted to produce a picturesque effect, and by its uniformity, to conceal any negligence in the dress of an individual, that a collection of Spanish women in the national costume, though taken from all classes, often resembles the groups that are carefully and fancifully collected in the ballet of a grand opera to produce a stage effect. But this effect is nowhere so strikingly produced as in the Prado of Madrid, where, above all others, the Spanish women delight to resort, and where their peculiar dress and manners can be best exhibited. The show they make here, is, indeed, altogether unique. Their dark basquina so sets off their passionate physiognomy, and full, piercing eyes; there is such a grace and coquetry in all their movements, in their manner of wearing and flitting their beautiful veils, and of beckoning a salutation to

their acquaintance with their fans, as well as in the neatness and skill with which they dress every part of their persons, and particularly their feet, that every time a stranger sees this vast crowd of the Prado, mingled with the great number of officers of the royal guard, who are always there in their showy uniforms, and the still greater number of monks and priests, in their dark, severe costumes, he must be persuaded anew, that it is the most beautiful moving panorama the world can afford.

At about three quarters of an hour after sunset, when the crowd is the greatest, the bell of the neighbouring convent tolls for the angelus, or evening prayer, and the long line of carriages stops as if by magic, while every body on foot becomes instantly fixed as a statue, and prays, or seems to pray, in perfect silence. The effect is very striking; for the whole of this immense crowd, which an instant before sent up a murmur like the chafing of the distant ocean, is now as still as the earth beneath its feet; but in a moment afterwards, the busy hum and movement begin again, and all goes on as of old. By eight or nine o'clock, however, even in midsummer, the multitude begins to melt away, and at ten none but the ordinary passengers are met there; except that some times, during the extreme heats, little parties are formed that send for refreshments and music, and protract their gay evening, on the borders of one of the fountains, until midnight.—Recent events, it may well be supposed, have effected some alterations in these recreative fancies.

THE PALMY DAYS OF SHOOTING GONE.

The palmy days of shooting (says Tom Oakleigh, in his Shooting Guide), like those of the drama, appear to be gone by: those of the drama may return, for human passions and intellect, which may be said to constitute the drama's manor, still remain; but the wild uncultivated tracts, in England at least, are fast disappearing, never to return, until pestilence or the sword shall again lay them waste. Moor after moor is inclosed—marsh after marsh is reclaimed—hill-side after hill-side is appropriated as the site of a mansion or village; the loveliest spots, unless they be the sternest and wildest, and withal inaccessible, are first chosen; and soon there will not be a quiet valley or an unbroken hill in the country. The grouse lands are already circumscribed by very narrow limits. The present generation may not live to hear of the total extinction of grouse in England, but the next will find few south of the Tweed: a little later, and the Scot himself will be obliged to resort to Canada or Kentucky to find game that may be said to be wild! Where the forest was the admiration of their ancestors, they will see a country divided into compartments, like the squares on a chess-board, by orderly well-clipped fences; to say nothing of divers long chimneys and sundry other abominations. Sporting is degenerating into something like pigeon-shooting. Game is sold too: the shooter knows to a sixpence the value of the contents of his bird-bag. All these changes may be for the public good, the shooter therefore must not complain. The reflection that the present are golden opportunities, that we are enjoying a recreation in a manner which, in some thirty years of railway progression, would be deemed a princely luxury, ought to enhance its value in our estimation, and to make the sportsman and naturalist grateful that there are still woods and wilds; that there is still enough of external nature visible, to make us feel the difference between town and country, and to teach us to love the country for the country's sake.

Our friend Tom, in these observations, should have laid a little more stress on the public utility likely to arise from the intrusion upon wild nature. For all that he says, we have no fear of seeing natural scenery extirpated. The tendency of railways is to give every poor town-woman a chance of seeing nature in her own solitudes and wilds, which he never had before. This, we know, is the case in respect to Edinburgh, whose poorest inhabitants, by the aid of a short convenient railway, are now able to reach some delightful bits of natural scenery which formerly they seldom if ever had it in their power to visit.

DESIRE TO INDULGE IN MUSIC.

Nothing is more common than spontaneous stimulation of the organ of Tune. We are then often haunted with what Mathews calls the ghost of a tune, which intrudes itself on all occasions, and sometimes under circumstances peculiarly ludicrous. I have heard of a worthy clergyman, who, while in the pulpit one Sunday, felt an excessive desire to sing Maggie Lauder; on going home, the tendency to indulge in this profane freak became irresistible, and without more ado he went into his garden and sung the song with great glee. This done, the inclination vanished: his organ of Tune received the gratification for which it was craving, and the ghost of Maggie Lauder took to flight.—*Marian's Phrenology.*

DEFINITION OF CHARACTER OF WOMEN.

Women are generally more devoted to their friends than men, and display an indefatigable activity in serving them. Whoever has gained the affections of a woman, is sure to succeed in any enterprise wherein she assists him: men draw back much sooner in such cases. Frequently in my life, have I had occasion to admire in females the most generous zeal on behalf of their friends. Who is not astonished at the courage shown by a woman when her husband, whose misconduct has perhaps a thousand times offended her, is threatened with imminent danger? Who does not know many instances of the most heroic devotedness on the part of the sex? A woman spares no effort to serve her friend. When it is a question of saving her brother, her husband, her father, she penetrates into prisons—she throws herself at the feet of her sovereign. Such are the women of our day, and such has history represented those of antiquity. Happy, I repeat, is he who has a woman for a friend!—*Gall.*

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